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'Does God Guide?'

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love. Hosea 11:4.

ABOUT a month after America entered the World War, Lord Balfour of England and Henri Bergson of France were in our city. Following a mass meeting in the interest of the Allied cause, these two eminent philosophers went to the home of the late Joseph Choate, diplomat and lawyer. Then, while New York fairly seethed with war excitement, these men sat in Choate's library and discussed the immortality of the soul. At such a time, when so many programs and problems were pressing, some people would have thought that to spend time talking about immortality was an impractical diversion of effort. But the greatest leaders see that there are certain timeless questions which help us to stand while we are trying to answer our timely questions. Even in the prosecution of a war, the belief in the persistence of the human soul proves in the long run to be more important than the equipping of the first troops.

Similarly in these days there are certain age-old queries which at first glance do not seem to have much connection with the practical issues which knock at our doors. Yet eventually they reveal themselves as more potent.

One of these we are going to ask this morning. It is this, Does God guide? We do not have to turn to the Bible to find that question. It has cropped out of each one's consciousness times without number. But the answer we shall take from one who had every reason to doubt the guidance of God. Hosea was a prophet in Israel during the decline of the Northern Kingdom. He saw his country slip from a plenteous and victorious period into a time of panic and defeat. Loyal patriot that he was, he suffered acutely in this national collapse. Moreover his personal life was shadowed by the tragedy of his wife's disloyalty. It is out of a broken home and a broken nation that his unbroken voice speaks, interpreting God as saying of Israel: "I drew them with

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cords of a man, with bands of love." That is Hosea's testimony to the guidance of God.

Can we believe with Hosea that God does draw men? We have to admit that Hosea's world was small. He knew only a little patch of the planet around the eastern edge of the Mediterranean. Hosea's historical perspective was short. His records went back to Egypt and the crossing of the Red sea. Perhaps to us it looks easier for Hosea to trace God's leading in that little laboratory than it does for us to find evidence of divine guidance in our big bewildering universe where the individual seems insignificant among the 1,500,000,000 human beings on this earth and where our planet itself seems only a speck in the starry sky.

CAN CHANCE EXPLAIN THE WORLD?

But for myself the very age and sweep of our universe heighten my belief in a Divine Being within it. When I think back into the aeons of time through which this physical order has been evolving, back to the days when awful reptiles emerged from the slime, when savage monsters sat up on their haunches and began to blink their eyes and lick their bloody chops; and then when I think that out of that jungle of beastly gianthood, the smaller and more intelligent animals survived; and then when I picture that day whereon there appeared a being with a light in his eyes never seen on land or sea, a light which reflected such new things as love and duty and hope; and then when I try to trace how that human being has worked up from savagery to the arts of speech, music, painting and the sciences of printing, telegraphy and radio—when my mind tries to grasp that long sweep of progress, the only explanation which seems to account for it is that behind this universe there is an intelligent purpose, a guiding hand.

Difficult as it may be to see that guiding purpose at work, in many aspects, the alternative explanations are even harder to accept. What are the alternatives? Some hold the doctrine of chance. But it is beyond my belief that blind chance could shuffle the material elements around and then draw from the mixture the mind of a Plato, the conscience of a Socrates, the genius of a Shakespeare, or the character of a Christ. Moreover, how could the doctrine of chance explain the emergence of that orderliness which the physicist finds in the electron and the astronomer finds in the heavens? No, from the hiss of a primeval serpent to the strains of a Fifth Symphony, from the muddy cave of the savage to the symmetry of the Taj Mahal, from the wolves in the pack to nations in a peace conference—these are steps of progress too great to be explained as the result of mere chance.

A MECHANISTIC UNIVERSE?

If not chance—then perhaps this universe is a machine. So certain mechanistic interpreters of history were saying a few years ago. But that view is now out of date in scientific circles. It may fairly be said that we have outgrown the idea of the universe as a machine. Furthermore, the analogy of the machine was a rather unfortunate one for those who would do away with the belief in God, because every machine seems to demand both someone to make it and someone to control it.

If neither the machine nor chance explains this universe, perhaps it is the work of a blind purposeless will. That is what the late Thomas Hardy said it was. He thought of the world moving forth at the push of a "Great Foresightless Urger." Things reveal no God of personal intelligence.

> Rather they show that, like a knitter drowsed
> Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
> The Will has woven with an absent heed
> Since life first was; and ever will so weave.

But is it rational to believe that the patterns of thought which men will pursue through years and generations could emerge from a "knitter drowsed" or a "Foresightless Urger"? Does water rise above its source? Can intelligence in man evolve out of an unintelligent creation? Can man's concern for moral values be explained if there is nothing at the heart of the universe that cares? No, if you can explain the universe and its historical processes without an intelligent guiding purpose behind it, go ahead to your own satisfaction. It does not satisfy me. I follow with Sir James Jeans, when he says: "We discover that the universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds."

But now granted that there is evidence of divine guidance in the universe, granted also that there are many signs which suggest an intelligent purpose in the great sweeps of social progress across the ages, does God's guidance extend to the individual? Have I any right to expect that the Creator is concerned with such an insignificant creature as myself, just one in a billion? It seems almost a presumption, doesn't it?

And the quick answer given by many is the negative. Omar Khayyam's pessimism seems plausible.

> And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky
> Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
> Lift not your hands to It for help—for it
> As impotently moves as you or I.

GOD AND THE INDIVIDUAL

But over against these persons who say the universe is voiceless to the individual, there are other men—many of them—who not only claim that God can speak, but that they have felt his guidance. Hosea is one who so believed it. The singers of Israel in numerous psalms show the same confidence in God's guidance. The wisdom writer in Proverbs echoes the same assurance: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." And at the apex of Scripture stands Jesus comforting the anxious with the reminder that the Heavenly Father who notes the falling sparrow has a care for his human child. Jesus even counseled his disciples to trust divine guidance for their very speech at times: "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak."

And when we come down the centuries since Scripture was closed, we find men just as hardheaded and rational as any here who felt vividly that they had divine guidance. There was Jonathan Edwards, appraised by many as the most brilliant intellect America has produced, testifying to his experience of divine leading. There was James Russell Lowell in the home of a friend suddenly feeling the room full of God. Or hear Sir

Ernest Henry Shackleton on his grueling trip with two comrades over the glaciers of the Antarctic, as he describes his experience: "It seemed to me that we were four and not three. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.' "

Now we may call these experiences what we will, mystical illusions or self-deceptions, but the point is that belief in divine guidance has been held by millions of people who were quite the equal of the skeptics in intelligence and often far superior in moral character and reliability. In fact it is the men who have believed in their divine guidance who have also done the greatest

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work in the world. Oh, I know, we can counter with the statement that people who thought they were divinely guided have done some of the most damnable things in the world—burned fellow men at the stake, started wars, killed little children. But taking the long view we can say with William James: "The best fruits of religious experience are the best things that history has to show." Judged by its fruits, the belief in divine guidance has demonstrated its working value.

Rudyard Kipling could not be called mystical, yet he expressed what history has often repeated when he said:

> We were dreamers, dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town;
> We yearned beyond the skyline, where the strange roads go down,
> Came the whisper, came the vision, came the power with the need,
> Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.

So believing men have gone out from man-stifled towns to build a better world.

Were they fooling themselves when they believed they were guided by God? The credibility of their testimony has to be tested by the general reliability of their characters and by the results of their labors. On that basis the weight of their words and works is overwhelmingly in support of Hosea's claim that God does guide.

Hosea interprets God as saying a second thing: "I drew them with cords of a man." The cords of a man are not mechanical coercion like the harness of a horse. They are not outside pressure, but inside prescience and intuition. If we could get this into our thinking, it would clear up many current misconceptions about divine guidance.

There is a contemporary religious movement which makes a great deal of the doctrine of guidance. It is the Oxford Group movement, formerly known as Buchmanism. The members of these groups spend much time in quiet, seeking God's guidance. One of their favorite practices is to put down on paper the thoughts that occur in these quiet times. These thoughts are interpreted as the leading of God. One of their number, Mr. A. J. Russell, in a recent book says: "Guidance must be thought of as not mechanical, but as becoming clear through reason, evidence and luminous thinking. God speaks to us in all the ways of our human understanding."

"GUIDANCE" NO TRIVIAL MATTER

That is a very sane statement. Guidance is not mechanical. If there is a washout on the railroad, so that my train makes me miss an appointment in town, it is not for me to say that it is God's guidance that I should not have made the appointment. Or suppose that the train which I had planned to take but missed is wrecked with the loss of many lives. Am I to interpret that as God's special providence for me? If so, how shall we explain his attitude toward the unfortunate dead? Or consider the case of a certain religious leader. A group of people had gathered to hear his message. He arrived a half-hour late with the explanation that he had been guided to remain an extra thirty minutes in meditation. On the basis of such an interpretation, what is to be said about God's guidance for the waiting crowd? Our observation of busy people who are kept waiting is that they are not exactly in the mood of spiritual meditation. Or when a man says on Saturday, "If the weather is good tomorrow, I'll go to the country, but if it rains, I'll go to church," and then Sunday morning opens up clear, is it correct to say that is God's guidance to the country? Hardly. Nor when we see a man coming to church because rain has kept him from golf, do we say, "There is a God-sent man." In this matter of guidance, we must not be mechanical. We must beware lest we confuse coincidence with divine consciousness and our personal whims with God's purposes.

Nor should we make guidance a trivial matter. I believe we should begin each day with a prayer for divine illumination and leading, but I do not think we should stop and ask God at every turn which road to take, which person to speak to, which book to pick up. God leads us by the cords of a man—"reason, evidence and luminous thinking"—not by the leading strings of a child.

Moreover, we should not be too precipitous in our expectations of divine guidance. In my presence men have given amazing testimonies of quick answers to prayer. I think of a minister who told once of needing a thousand dollars for a certain church enterprise. He prayed for it one evening and the next morning a check for that amount was in his mail. He seemed to believe that was a direct answer to his prayer. It may have been. But when we get to thinking of God working in such quick fashion, we are likely to lose faith when higher help lingers.

RELIGION FIRST A CHALLENGE

One trouble with some churchmen is that they are spiritual speculators rather than spiritual investors. They look for the quick returns of religion and are too impatient to be content with long-term investments. Those who gamble with God usually lose their faith or else deal in counterfeit currency. Many people give up prayer because they seem to get no dividends from it at the end of the day. But those who persist in it find life growing more fertile and productive. Devout souls who put their energies into godly enterprises and sacrificial service never feel cheated at the end of life.

Our religion must be a challenge before it can become a comfort. It must call out the best in us before we can find the best in it. We must think as hard as we can, find out all the facts we can. Then it is fair to ask God's guidance. Reason, evidence and luminous thinking—such are the "cords of a man" by which God leads us.

We remember Stephen Vincent Benet's interpretation of Lincoln's soliloquy in the darkest days of the Civil War:

What is God's will?
They write me prayers from Twenty Million Souls,
They come to me and talk about God's will
In righteous deputations and platoons,
Day after day, laymen and ministers,
Defining me God's will and Horace Greeley's.
God's will is General This and Senator That.
God's will is those poor colored fellows' will.
It is the will of the Chicago churches.
It is this man's and his worst enemy's.
But all of them are sure they know God's will.
I am the only man who does not know it.

O will of God
I am a patient man, and I can wait
Like an old gun flint buried in the ground
While the slow years pile up like smoldering leaves
Above me, underneath the rake of Time.
. . . . .
That is my only virtue as I see it.
Ability to wait and hold my own
And keep my own resolves once they are made
In spite of what the smarter people say.
I can't be smart the way that they are smart,
I've known that since I was an ugly child,
It teaches you—to be an ugly child.
It teaches you—to lose a thing you love.

There speaks a man seeking to be led of God "with cords of a man."

Hosea says a third thing about divine leading. It is "with bands of love." Does God lead with the bands of love? That is hard to believe at times, isn't it? We live in a world where innocent children suffer for the sins of parents, where good people sometimes go bankrupt while the wicked prosper, where hurricanes lick up towns and earthquakes swallow them, where harmless bystanders are struck down by gangsters' bullets and young men pour out their blood in wars to protect old men's gold.

HOW EXPLAIN HUMAN TRAGEDY?

Listen to this letter: "I am seventy-four years of age. I find myself utterly unable to answer the following question. Can you answer it for me? In 1895, my wife, stricken with melancholia, took her own life. In 1901 my eldest son died of a fever. In 1920 my eldest daughter, temporarily out of her mind with acute depression, shot herself. In 1924 my only living son and his two small children were burned to death in their own home. My question about life can be summed up in one word—Why?"

Hard to see, isn't it? But before we try to see it, let us clear away some foggy misconceptions of God's guidance in calamities. Let us be done with that pious profanity which reads the will of God into our own wilfulness. We neglect our health and dissipate our energies until we invite disease, and then we say, "It is God's will." We allow children to live in unwholesome conditions until one of them dies, and then we stand over the coffin of the underprivileged child and say, "God took him." We drift along with stupid and dishonest diplomacy until we get into a car and then we say, "This is God's cause." We follow our shortsighted selfishness until we drop into a general business depression, and then we ask, "Why did God send this?" Such calamities are not God's will, but God's agony.

But when we have taken from God's shoulders these man-caused calamities, there still remain hardships grievous to be borne. How can these be if this is a beneficent world? What we can say is, that only in a world where men can go wrong is there any virtue in going right; that only where goodness can often go unrewarded is it possible to have disinterested and uncalculating conduct worthy to be called good; that only where there is the risk of inexplicable failure could we have the exquisite beauty of love which counts not the cost and calculates not the reward; that only where there is the possibility of hell can there be the materials for heaven.

LOVE AS MOTIVE

And something else we can say, too. When we are in doubt about our divine guidance, we can test it by "the bands of love." When we think that we are moved of God, we must ask ourselves whether the motive is love. That test will tell us, for "God is love." It will show us whether we are led by Hosea's God with "his bands of love" or by Hitler's God with his bands of hate. It will keep us from those intolerances and cruelties which have so frequently characterized fanatical piety. It will unmask those selfish interests which so often lurk behind religious activities. In short, the test of love as motive will remove from our lives those misrepresentations of God's will which make others doubt the reality of divine guidance.

Thinking Peace After God

By Merrill F. Clarke

I know the thought that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to let you have hope for the future; pray to me, and I will answer you; seek me, and you shall find me when you seek for me with all your heart. Jeremiah 29:11-13. (Moffatt)

OUR service of memorial today and these words may have recalled to us all a realm of treasure which is too quickly blotted from our workaday minds. We have stood in silent tribute, and we have listened to this declaration of a divine good purpose toward men. Jeremiah's words are an expression of a great reach of faith. If we have had any training in bringing home to ourselves such prophetic insights, we welcome it. Following its call into the values by which our moral and spiritual selves are sustained, we recognize its reaffirmation that there is a universal harmony. Like beauty, when captured by the artist, it convinces that there is a world of loveliness which untangles the life of men like a gracious solvent. Like responsible fatherhood and sacrificial motherhood, as we have found them in the fairest homes we have known, it bespeaks an unwearied purpose of good at the heart of things. It makes it natural to accept the Master's simple argument for a loving Father of all: "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more your Father which is in heaven. . . .?"

Jeremiah declares that God is fully aware of what he feels toward his people. There is no fickleness, no doubt: "I *know* the thoughts that I think toward you." They are "thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to let you have hope for the future."

WHAT IS PEACE?

Peace means what? Not absence of war—that is a pale negative definition. Not quiescence and freedom for the individual from having to exert vigilance or to seek good. Not an era when everybody can engage in the exciting game of making money, in which always a few win and the majority fail; not the superficial thing meant by so many when they talk of peace and prosperity. According to the dictionary, the root of our word "peace" means a pact, a covenant, a solemn agreement whereby sovereign rules for living together are exalted, and the pattern of our life agreed upon.

Pax, the Latin for peace, is the root of not merely our English word, but of the French, Italian and Spanish words for peace. It is so woven into treaties, engraved in Latin inscriptions on public monuments that it is known as well by the other countries of western civilization. If it flits across the mind that it is too bad the Germans have another word for peace, *Friede,* it is worth remembering that the root of that is also in their word for "joy"—a fact equally true for all Scandinavian countries. Besides, the Germans know Latin much better than we, and hence the word *pax.* Whereas, by the way, we use a word "armistice," which telegraphs to very few minds that it means cessation of arms, the Germans have a far better word for it, *Waffenstillstand,* which means to everybody the grounding of arms, the muzzling of the big guns, the happy journey back to the arsenal, there to stack the rifles and bayonets and hand grenades, and go home.

But we find ourselves as we look out in the world too confused and troubled to get much comfort out of these general truths. We bring our fears to this day. I share them. We are quite aware that the arsenals of the nations are stacked with arms, and that very large additions have been made since the war, are now being made. We have seen a beginning made of exposing the international trade in arms, by an investigation authorized by our own government, and involving arms-makers in several countries, our own included, selling where they can find market, even fomenting wars or war scares to increase their business. They remind us of the idol-makers in Ephesus, when Paul came to proclaim a God who was worshiped in spirit and thereby might damage the idol-makers' trade. "Sirs," they said to the authorities when they had hastily formed a trade association for mutual protection, "you know that by this business we make our living." Munition-makers have been saying that in effect at Washington, and have finally squelched the investigation.

HOPELESSNESS OF POLITICAL ADVANCE

We bring our lack of hope. I share it. We see the world made one in knowledge, in communications, in science and the arts. Business is international and everybody knows it. Finance is international, and so is the traffic in arms. But governments retain the old setup of pretending that each is sovereign, self-contained, a law unto itself. Seventy sovereign nations—it is much like having seventy Napoleons living in the same boarding house. Ructions are bound to come. Nationalistic myths and superstitions still persuade people to believe that their lives can be prospered by having as few dealings as possible with other nations, and that the higher the tariff barriers they erect the surer they are to gain wealth. In simple terms, it is very much as if your arm declared it was independent of your body, or your right leg of your brain, despite the knowledge that the life-blood flows through all, and that if strangled or impeded, arm or leg would soon turn gangrenous and—as if that were not enough—would infect the whole body. International science and art, international trade, international moral and spiritual ideals and purposes are shared by all to keep the world in life. How slow we are to order the world's political life to recognize that simple fact!

We bring our sense of having been caught in a trap. I share it. For the peace treaty signed after the war is an evil thing. It grew out of the passions of the war years, and among its iniquities it robbed the young people of two great nations of any hope—young people who were babies when the peace was forced on their statesmen. The collapse of the remnant which was Austria was predestined when the terrific payments were devised, to be made by the work of people not yet born. The present German situation grows directly out of the demands made not from a sense of justice but

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of revenge and written into the Treaty of Versailles. It was ruled that Germans must merely exist, nothing more. They must work to pay off a tremendous debt, but not in goods, only in money. Yet everybody knew in the beginning that that was impossible. Nobody would admit it. Now comes Hitler, and he has revived German hopes of manhood and self-respect. Some other things he has done outrage every decent feeling we have, but that much he has done. And what if those hopes prove to be built on an illusion, because the other nations refuse to admit Germany back into the world of interchange of goods to pay international debts? A disaster worse than war—it will be the complete collapse of morale and hope among those young Germans and Austrians.

Fears of the world rearmed; of nationalism dividing all of us further instead of letting us recognize the world as one; lack of leadership which will venture to modify a treaty which even Clemenceau said really continued the war until all of the treaty demands should be met. You and I share a fairly constant habit of thinking how much richer the world might be today if the fine youth of twenty years ago might have made their careers in public service, in art and science, instead of being stuck with a bayonet or blown to bits by shells or dying of gas poisoning. It is hard to look at the world as it is and to think of them.

THE PROBLEM FOR CHRISTIANS

But what I should like to suggest today is not merely facing facts of our world, a few of which I have hinted. Surely I would not recommend facing them with fears. We have something else to bring to our troubled world —*thinking peace*. Thinking peace not in any sentimental or inept way, but vitally, courageously; thinking it as part of our daily expression of faith.

If I have painted a very dark background, it has been deliberate. If one is realistic, one must face one's fears. And having lined them up and looked at them, one can get to the point where, even in thrall to them, he can remember to ask, "What do you think being a Christian means, anyway?" You cannot do any clear thinking under the spell of fear. But there is a technique of lining them up, looking at them, and when, to change the figure, you feel most weighted down by them, of rolling them like a burden off your back. A new sense of relaxation comes, and with it a reminder of inner well-being. You have tasted the first meaning of peace to the individual soul. Somehow then you become convinced again that the covenant of communion between you and the purpose of good which is God is still in force.

And then you are able to bring something else to the world than your fears. I must suggest a few, very briefly.

First, we can resolve to let no unthinking person or jingoistic group tell us what our own service to our country shall be. We love our country. But we shall obey nobody else in his hysteria or propaganda as to what our duty to it is, or shall be. Our job is thinking peace. Second, thinking peace means emptying yourself of hate. I mean that very seriously. We may hate wrong, and hate systems which perpetuate wrong. But we cannot hate people nor peoples. Third, we cannot afford to act on suspicions—this is getting back our old habits of mind. I said recently that the noblest ideal of life I know is to think realistically and to act with deep compassion. Being suspicious of other people's motives and possible plots is not thinking realistically; it is acting under an obsession. And for us it means never plotting a petty revenge prompted by suspicion. Some of us might refuse to recognize what we may have done last week as plotting a petty revenge, but believe me, it was just that. It is ruled out.

CAN WE DO ANYTHING FOR PEACE?

We are constantly being told that you and I as individuals cannot do a thing about world peace. Well, we may resolve not to take part in another war. I

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personally do not see how loyalty to Jesus, as I understand him, can mean anything less than that. A good many of us, in more than one country, may some day take comfort in those Old Testament words—those of us who have been through one war: "Those who survive the sword shall find grace in the dungeon." But with a martyr complex? Far from it. In the business of thinking peace, I have little patience with those who tell us we can do nothing about world peace.

Some of us have businesses which would get a great boost if we had another war. Can we think peace there? A serious thing, this thinking peace. Could we resist favoring a war if it plainly meant that a satisfying contract would be on its way to us? Some of us may have obligations owing us in foreign lands. We and others in our plight might think we saw in a war against such countries a way to extract payments upon which they have defaulted. Could we think peace there? Serious business, this. History suggests that a good

many people in the past have succumbed to having a war from such arguments.

Of course I am merely trying to translate the Sermon on the Mount into the terms of our life, and the pattern of our world. Its accents are familiar. But what do people accomplish who cleanse their minds of all hate of other people, and love their enemies? What happens if they pray for them who despitefully use them? What is brought into the world when a man who sees a splinter in his brother's eye, and is all on fire with zeal to extract it, stops and examines himself, lest a whole house-beam should be in his? Do they merely follow an unworldly code that causes some to titter and others to scoff, and still others to walk away from the company where such things are practiced?

A CODE OF GOOD WILL

May I suggest that people who follow such a code are pouring into life a divine restorative for men's spirits? Among the questions which the Society of Friends propose to their members are these: (1) Are you faithful in maintaining our testimony against all war as inconsistent with the spirit and teaching of Christ? (2) Do you live in the life and power which take away the occasion for all wars?

Thinking peace means living with poets and seers who have been kindled with the fire which Jesus came to cast upon the earth; with saints and men of good will in the homes where we know such thought of peace are regnant. It is pouring into life a divine restorative. And one pursues this way not alone to avoid another war; it is the only kind of glad life people can live who have been touched by the Master.

And the nations? Sir William Watson once wrote down what he saw:

> The advent of that morn divine
> When nations may as forests grow,
> Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
> Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
> But all, in their unlikeness, blend
> Confederate to one golden end.

How can it come? "Pray to me, and I will answer you; seek me and you shall find me, when you seek for me with all your heart." The pathway to God is open. Use it.

From the central broadcasting station in London there comes on special days like this a prayer into many an English home. The station is powerful enough to convey it as well into French and Belgian and German homes. I want to close this service with it:

"Let us commend our nation to the Lord, the Prince of Peace, making our prayer that the peoples of the world may be kindled with the fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth, and be filled with a conquering passion for peace. Amen."

If we expect to have religion dynamic, then God must possess us through faith that is born of first-hand experience. We must stop being disciples of Lot's wife. The trouble with her was that she looked backwards. But we must look forward and inward as well. We must know that the daystar hath arisen in our own souls.

RUFUS M. JONES.

Patriotism and Religion

BY G. RAY JORDAN

Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Matthew 22: 21.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. John 10:10.

MANY people feel that Memorial day makes the subject "patriotism" a timely one. It does. But it ought also to be an occasion for the serious consideration of religion. For patriotism and religion are intricately bound together. As a matter of fact, most people accept the fact that religion sustains a vital relationship to love of one's country.

But the intimate way in which the two loyalties are involved is also being forced upon us by various popular interpretations of patriotism. Present conditions in Germany graphically present the two together, and thus give us a vision of the burning issue.

What are we, who are Americans, going to say about the relationship of these two loyalties?

I

Patriotism, of course, means love of one's country. American patriotism certainly is that. But there is something even more specifically involved, which has to do with the past history of our country. There are some things for which America has stood, traditionally and governmentally. Consider these high privileges, which we have cherished through the years: "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." So familiar are these "rights" that they have become proverbial. We speak the words easily and glibly. But they are great principles and momentous rights. Our forefathers insisted that they were—and are—inalienable rights, and they proposed that all Americans should enjoy them.

This surely is reason enough why patriotism should hold such a dear place in the hearts of all of us. It is scarcely possible to overemphasize the vital importance of these national rights, which, at least theoretically, belong to all of us who are American citizens. These, indeed, are the things which make our government worth preserving.

And it is entirely in order for us to recall how closely associated these principles are to Christianity. As a matter of fact, we should think with deep appreciation of the close relationship of the two. Let us, therefore, recall what Jesus had to say. Hear his words: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." The very purpose of his coming was that men should learn how to live, how to enter into the very fulness of life.

Again, he spoke of men being free. He said this freedom was one of the objects of his coming. The truth would make us free, he said; and he came to show us how to find the truth. As for happiness, we well know that the very first word which he used in the Sermon on the Mount is the Greek word for "happy." We have

translated it "blessed." Jesus was showing people the real way to discover and to attain happiness.

II

Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are not merely political rights; they are at the very heart of religion itself. Anything which opposes or destroys them is not merely an enemy of Americanism; it is an enemy of real religion. You see, patriotism thus becomes a religious question and not merely a political one.

We do well, therefore, to consider some of the things which are not merely un-American, but are also at the same time bitterly opposed to the interest of genuine religion.

Fascism, for instance, becomes not merely a political matter; it is a deeply religious issue. Hitlerism presents the same situation. Coercion has become the characteristic of Germany. Compulsion prevails even in thinking. All of us well know, for instance, that no German anthropologist would be allowed to proclaim a pro-semitic conclusion to any of his students. When thinking is compelled to follow a certain groove, no one can even assert that full liberty is either present or even possible.

Some people do not find it so easy to discover this same characteristic in communism; but it is there! The communists have only approached the problems from another angle.

A writer has recently told us of a young man who was in prison in Russia for his refusal to join a group who were antireligious. He wanted liberty of conscience. When they were free from prison, therefore, he and his friends, who numbered one hundred and forty-nine persons, attempted to cross the river Amur on ice, in order to escape Russia. Only nineteen escaped, however, and four of these were wounded. The others were shot or captured and taken back to be killed. Where is liberty, or abundant life, or happiness under such circumstances?

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF NATION-STATE

Any kind of totalitarian nationalism tends in this same direction. And we need to remind ourselves that we are facing such narrow nationalism the world over today. We in America are not escaping. All of us are familiar with the statement of a certain autocratic king, Louis XIV: *"L'etat c'est moi"*—"The state, I am the state." Now the nation is saying, "The state, I am the state." The result, as has been clearly stated, is that the nation-state is beginning to claim for itself such prerogatives as were once claimed by absolute sovereigns. On the pedestal on which once stood the figure of the "divine" king, now there is a new idol. It is the "divine" nation-state. And surely the worship of this new idol is even more dangerous than that of the former.

Thus we have come to the place where narrow nationalism—the totalitarian state—is supplanting both democracy and religion. Patriotism is being interpreted in terms of this higher devotion to the state. If a man professed allegiance to God as over against Caesar, he was thrown to the lions. But, as has been forcefully pointed out, we follow a slightly different course. In modern America, when one professes a prior allegiance to God, he is denied the benefits of naturalization. Religion is all right up to a certain point. But if it makes a man unfit for killing, it is an enemy of the state. Therefore it should be tabooed. One of our major generals has put it crisply: "A person who is not willing to bear arms, man or woman, should not be a citizen." As Francis Miller says, "Conscience is placed upon the blacklist by the professional patrioteers."

Our forefathers came to these shores that they might have the opportunity of worshiping God according to the dictates of their consciences. Many of them thought they were dying to preserve their heritage. Let us remember this Memorial day the high dedication of their lives! God forbid that we should ever lose that rich spiritual legacy!

G. Ray Jordan

But, you see, the totalitarian state will not give life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Its nature is to *take* these. It *demands* life and liberty, and thus destroys happiness.

III

What can we say about all of this? Who really is patriotic? What has religion got to do with patriotism? Who, after all, loves his country? These are more than academic questions; they are burning issues!

First, the people who want to stir up war are not really patriotic. It goes without saying that they are not Christian in their purpose or attitude. Christianity stands for world-wide brotherhood. Christianity cannot foster hatred, either personal or national hatred.

Much of our pseudo-patriotism has been cultivated by those who want to make money out of hate and suffering and death. Of course these materialistic-minded people cannot fight for peace in the world. Their program runs directly athwart the very thing for which

Christianity stands. This question was asked a representative of a leading arms company: "In order to keep in tune, to keep in practice, you have got to have trouble going on in some part of the world?" To which he answered: "Yes, sir."

When warfare is the *sine qua non* of loyalty to one's country, there is inevitable loss of life, liberty and happiness. If patriotism is to be interpreted solely on the basis of a totalitarian state, we will have to abandon the very things for which we as Americans believe America was founded. For us patriotism has meant the love of life, the experience of liberty, and the enjoyment of happiness. But every one of these blessings is lost when the modern state becomes what the autocratic dictators of old were.

Louis XIV ignored human rights. Then there came the French Revolution with its watchwords: liberty, equality, and fraternity. The whole regime went down. Then years go by, and we do not set up a new Louis XIV, but we do set up a nation-state which is increasingly even more dictatorial than was Louis.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

What, then, is real patriotism? It is love of one's country. Yes, it is just that! It is love which goes so deep that it refuses to stand for the things which will destroy one's country. It is love so genuine that it will never be satisfied except in building one's country upon a permanent foundation.

In this day when so many militarists in Japan are forgetting the soul of their country, and becoming more and more nationalistic, two names stand out as real patriots: Ozaki and Kagawa. Yukio Ozaki is the Japanese who gave the cherry trees which blossom along the driveway by the Potomac, in Washington. In the past few years he has faced death three times by assassins. "Anyone," he wrote, "who claims to be a first-class public man must be prepared to meet a tragic death." Kagawa has publicly apologized to the Chinese for the way his countrymen have treated them. Kagawa is a real patriot! He so loves his country that he will not permit it to do the irreligious, the materialistic, and the ultimately self-destructive thing without his protest. For those who take the sword, sooner or later, will perish by the sword. Jesus was everlastingly right!

We are really patriotic only when we love our country so much that we insist upon its incorporating in its life those principles which will give it permanency—abiding worth. Where are those principles to be found? Only in genuine religion. You see, there *is* a really vital relationship between genuine patriotism and real religion.

We do not have to hate any other country in order to love our own. We do not have to seek to destroy any other country to love our own. Indeed, we are actually devotees of our own country, we are truly patriotic, only when we seek to establish stability and security the world over, so that our own country, too, may have both security and stability.

There was a leaden statue of King George III on Bowling Green, New York. Our forefathers pulled it down and melted it into revolutionary bullets. Let us do something like that now for a new freedom! Let us pull down the billions which are being spent for the destruction of life, the enslavement of liberty, and the abolition of happiness! Let us use these billions for better schools, economic security, and all those projects which will build up mutual regard and international friendship. We will then be truly patriotic. Indeed, anything else is not American patriotism.

But just so will we be thoroughly religious. For religion and patriotism—when they are at their best—do go hand in hand. Religion stands for liberty of mind and soul. Religion stands for blessedness, the kind of happiness which abides. As American citizens, we cannot seek anything less than this, anything below this. The larger brotherhood of mankind is not merely Christian; it alone is truly patriotic. Let us hear the words of Jesus: "I am come that all men may have life." He meant this for all nations. He does not favor Americans. His gift is for all mankind. Anything which denies this purpose is not Christian.

Indeed, we do not really believe in God until we stand both for peace and brotherhood, the kind of peace and brotherhood which reach around the world.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

What and Where is God?

By William Pierson Merrill

Now Moses was keeping the flock of his father-in-law, and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness, and came to the mountain of God, unto Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

And God called to him out of the midst of the bush . . . and said, Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. . . . I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Exodus 3:1-6.

"OH, that I knew where I might find Him!" That is a cry not only out of an ancient book, but out of the very heart of this age. Men who never go to church, and many who do go to church, wonder what is meant by that word "God," and wish they might find the reality for which it stands—if there be anything real about it. The preacher uses the word so easily, as if all knew exactly what he means by it; and no doubt every Sunday there are some present whose desire to know what God really is and how we may find him is a dull and constant ache in their hearts. Jesus told a story of a man who found a pearl of great price, and sold all he possessed that he might own that treasure. So might we, any and all of us, eagerly let go anything else if we might secure real knowledge of God. But our sense of

him is vague and indefinite. What is this about which the church is always talking, as if of course we knew what was meant? "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" A very earnest Christian once confessed to me that when he thought of God he had in mind nothing more definite than a sort of holy fog.

The best way to know about any spiritual reality is to see what that reality has meant in human experience. Look with me at one great man as he finds God, or rather as God finds him. If ever a man really knew God, Moses did. It is said of him that he "knew God face to face, as a man talks with his friend." Do not dismiss this as a legend from the dim past. Life does not change much in its deep and real experiences. That one should know God as a man knows his friend is not an ancient fancy that has faded in this age of modern knowledge, as the fairies in Barrie's play faded "when the cold light of reason played about one in Aberdeen university." One of the outstanding scientists of our time has given us this quiet statement: "We must be able to approach the World-Spirit in the midst of our cares and duties in that simple relation of spirit to spirit in which all true religion finds expression"; that is just a restatement in modern terms of what the Bible says about the relation of Moses to God.

FINDING GOD IN NATURE

Come back then to the Arabian desert, where a shepherd tending his flock sees a flame glowing from a bush, and hears a voice. Make all the allowance you wish for the difference between that day, when the whole of life was miracle and magic, and this day, when magic is discredited in religion and miracles do not happen; you will still, if your mind is honest and earnest, find that which came to Moses something that can be repeated in the experience of any man or woman who will seek it reverently and persistently.

Note the steps of God's self-revelation to the soul of this man. First, *the man comes upon God in nature.* Moses' attention was arrested by something wonderful, inexplicable in nature, which demanded some attempt to understand it, or account for it.

That is the underlying fact that means most in this scene. Not that the bush burned, and yet did not burn. Account for the outward fact as you will; grant that it was a miracle; call the story a legend; say that the man saw the glow of the setting sun lighting up the bush with a strange radiance, and thought the bush was afire: say what you will. The underlying fact for him is this —which may be equally a fact for you—that something wonderful in nature roused in him an eagerness to know the power and glory that lay back of it.

Every thoughtful soul is challenged thus today. What was Moses' bush compared with the wonders revealed to us? The universe has expanded beyond our power to comprehend it. Research into nature has brought us to the point where the best symbol we can get is a mathematical equation. All about us is marvel. What does it mean? What is the Reality that is in it, back of it, the life of it? The easy assumption of careless souls that science has explained all that, ruled God out, made chance of mechanism the ultimate explanation, is as baseless and silly as the incantations of primitive medicine men. Scientists are saying, as real scientists have said all along, that the best they can do leaves Ultimate Reality untouched. Alfred Noyes's book, "The Unknown God," at once poetic and reasonable, reminds us how the great leaders of the early march of modern science, from Darwin on, bowed in the presence of mystery, and frankly admitted that they dealt with processes, not with causes.

The difference between Moses' experience and ours is one of external form, not of inner meaning. To any spiritually sensitive soul the wonder of the world leads into the presence of the Ultimate Reality we call "God."

> From Horeb's bush the Presence spoke
> To earlier faiths and simpler folk;
> But now each bush that sweeps our fence
> Flames with the awful immanence.
>
> And now to us each elm and pine
> Is vibrant with the voice divine;
> Not only *from* but *in* the bough
> Our larger creed beholds Him now.

What shall we do when this vision breaks upon us of Something or Someone deep at the heart of things?—

> . . . a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

If we are wise, we shall do as Moses did. The next step, for us, as for him, is *reverent approach.* "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

APPROACH TO GOD MUST BE REVERENT

Without that reverent approach no man can see or know God. Go toward the bush with a careless or curious attitude, and you find—just a bush! Why, you ask, should anyone ever have thought there was any mystery about that, any meaning in it? So Pompey, when he invaded Jerusalem, went into the Holy of Holies, and came out saying, "Just a bare room." So many a student of modern science sees nothing in it but test tubes, queer reactions and interesting natural forces.

It is not only religion that demands this reverent approach. Music does, and every form of art. You cannot rightly estimate any high and holy element of human thought and life, unless in this spirit of reverence.

> Earth's crammed with heaven;
> And every common bush afire with God.
> But only he that sees takes off his shoes.

One of the encouraging signs for the religious life of mankind is the growth of this spirit of reverence, this eager yet devout approach to the marvel of the world about us; this readiness to admit that there is more in life than scientific method can reveal. To one who thus comes with deep and reverent curiosity, God makes himself known.

It may have been a disappointment to Moses when God told him who and what he was. It may be a dis-

appointment to us. This is the message: "I am the God of people; the God of human experience; the God your father knew and talked about; the God of the devout men and women in the history of the race."

So! We come back to the same old theology, do we? If you want to find and know God, see what religious folk have said about him. Read your Bible! Get out your prayer book! Get back to what your father and mother told you!

Is that the message? Yes, it is, in a way. For the eternal truth of religion is that God is known to us best, most truly and most fully, not in natural laws or phenomena, but in humanity; not in impersonal force, but in personality.

William Pierson Merrill

We know God best in the higher ranges of our living. The heavens declare his glory; but we know his nature best in the face of a child, the life of a saint, the redemption of a sinner, the steady goodness of humble, ordinary men and women; we know him best, as climax of it all, when we see "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

God speaks thus to the heart of Moses: "Would you know me? See what I am to men in their lives. Recall Abraham, Isaac, Jacob; the heroes of your race and of your religion." What a wonderful illustration that is of the all-embracing love of God for humanity. Look at the three he names. Abraham, father of the faithful, man of God, saint if ever there was one. Easy enough to see that God is the God of such as he. But here is the other extreme; Jacob, the sharper, the man with the capacity for being an unmitigated rascal. The prophet Hosea described him in a graphic phrase: "In the womb he took his brother by the heel; and in his manhood he had power with God." God is the God not only of the saint, but also of the man who has to fight with himself, to master his own bad nature, the potential rogue. And in between the saint and the sinner comes Isaac, the plain, ordinary fellow, who never does anything very bad or very good, who lives placidly, the perfect type of the average man.

God is the God of mankind in all its varieties, the God who helps all sorts of folk to live their lives well, to play their part, and to win in their fight for the finest things.

"I am the God of thy father." Can God say anything simpler, better, more satisfying to most of us, than to say: "I am the God of your father and mother, of your home, of the people you have known best and loved and admired most"?

THE MODERN QUEST

This does not imply any reaction from the modern quest after a knowledge of the God revealed in nature as the science of our day sets it forth in its boundless wonder and glory; it does not mean that we turn back from the flaming bush and say, "I must find God in the old thoughts and ways." There are new and splendid visions of God which our fathers scarcely dreamed of. And yet at the heart of it all is still the God they knew and loved, the same yesterday, and today, and forever. I first knew God as the God of my mother. She was a strict Presbyterian believer of the old school. When in student days the new and strange modern knowledge began to break upon or shadow my growing mind, my mother and I talked about it almost every Sunday afternoon. She shared my fears, my hopes, my interests. Together we felt our way into the knowledge of the greater glory of God. And one of the most precious moments of my life was that in which she said to me, with deep feeling: "You do not know what it means to me to come at last to where I can believe in the goodness of God as I never dared to before."

She had not found a new God; nor have any who through the marvelous researches of modern thinking have come to new religious convictions. They have only found new depths, new reality, in the God their fathers knew and loved.

It is so easy to assume that modern science makes it difficult or impossible to believe; that the human mind has marched on, leaving God behind somewhere in the desert; that the faith of our fathers is discredited as a childish affair—tender, lovely, desirable in a way, but quite impossible for this new generation with its wider, truer view of the world. There never was a sillier, a more groundless idea. Tragic in its influence, it is baseless in its assumptions. Still does the world confront us with the haunting question of the meaning of it all. After science has given all its brilliant answers to the question, "How?" the other question "Why?" still faces us, the answer to which the great scientists, from Darwin and Huxley and Spencer on, have frankly confessed lies outside the realm of science; the question that many of our modern leaders of thought gladly assert means more than all that with which science can deal. If we come to our burning bush, our radiant universe, with reverent desire to know the meaning of it all, still comes the voice, "I am the God of your father and mother, the

God of the true believers, the God of humanity at its best, the hope of humanity at its worst, the God and Father of Jesus Christ."

Something ineffable shines through nature. There we may find God.

A GREAT CHRISTIAN MAN OF SCIENCE

Not long ago one of the leading men of science in our country went into the Silent Land. Like so many other real scientists, Michael Pupin was a devout and loyal believer in God. The further he delved into the knowledge of nature, the more glorious God became to him. He saw God in the flaming bush, and felt that the place was holy ground. His brain was that of a master of knowledge; his heart was that of a little child. Without him and his discoveries we would not now have the wonder of conversations across the continent, or between men in London and New York. He has told us in the simple but impressive story of his life—how as a peasant boy he used to lie out in the fields of Serbia, watching the herds, and would look up at the stars, and say to himself: "When I am older, I will find out what light is." He came nearer than most men to finding out that secret; and yet he tells us that still the best he can say in explanation of light is that "the heavens declare the glory of God." What he saw in the radiant wonder of nature deepened his consciousness of the reality of God. And his God, to the end, was the God of his Serbian mother, a peasant woman, simple, uncultured, but who had a deep, vivid faith in God which ennobled her life and made her son honor her as one of the mighty forces in his own life.

The chief glory of that man was not his achievements as a scientist, great as they were, but his personal outworking of a faith in God that grew in depth and vividness and beauty the more he came to know the world which hides God from the thoughtless, but reveals him to the reverent.

"I am the God of thy father." There is more in that than comfort and assurance. There is a warning there that we of the older generation may well heed. We complain of the religious indifference of the young people of our time. We ask what is the cause of it. May it not be in large part because, when they hear the word "God," they think of the God of their father and mother, the God of the older generation, and that means to them something vague, unreal, small or undesirable? Are not those surest and quickest to believe whose fathers and mothers have believed in and loved with all their hearts a God worthy of the respect and affection of enlightened minds and honest hearts?

FATHERS AND SONS

How much have your children found in their home to make God real to them? The sacrament might appeal to them more powerfully had every meal at home been given a sacramental flavor through the saying of grace. The Bible might mean more to them had its great words and thoughts been interwoven with the home life. Prayer might seem natural to them had they found it a part of the atmosphere of the home. What does it mean when God says to your son, your daughter, who stands dazed, exalted, yet bewildered before this burning bush of modern knowledge, wondering vaguely what it means at the heart of it, "I am the God of your father and your mother"? Does it open their eyes to the deep meaning of life? Or does it lead them to set religion aside with other childish things?

It is only through human spirits and the lives they live that the World-Spirit can make himself known and felt, in the way that gives true meaning and value to the life we live. God help us, who profess to believe in him, to be "not afraid to open our eyes in the presence of nature, nor ashamed to close our eyes in the presence of God"; and through our fearless, real and reverent faith to help all who know us, to find in the wonder of the world a glory that awes and inspires, that deepens the sense of the holiness of life, and leads into the very presence of the Living God.

Our Mothers

By Burris Jenkins

When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.—John 19:26, 27.

IN THE LAST few minutes of his life, while enduring the deepest agony, our Lord remembered his mother, crouching at the foot of his cross, and provided for her future protection and care. He consigned her to that disciple for whom he had the greatest fondness and in whom he had the fullest confidence. This is a tender and beautiful incident and reveals the feeling of Jesus that mothers are to be recognized and protected in the supreme emergencies of our lives. In this he is acting in entire harmony with all that is highest and finest in human nature. We all recognize the devotion of mothers to their children and in the deepest disasters of life we turn naturally to them, in actuality or in memory, for consolation and support. Rudyard Kipling has put this sentiment into a song singularly appropriate to the condition in which Jesus found himself on Calvary:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' Mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' Mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' Mine.

Most of us, if asked to describe our ideal of a mother, would describe the mother that we have had. We would probably begin by saying that a mother should be self-sacrificing, loving, gentle and kind, and we would

stumble along a while, then we would end up by saying, "Oh, well, she should be just like my mother." Men and women alike, all of us, would reach about the same conclusion. There are exceptions to be sure, but they are so rare as scarcely to count at all and only to prove the rule.

Self-forgetful motherhood is characteristic of the whole creation from animals on up to man. The grizzly and the tigress are doubly terrible when protecting their young. Even the tame house cat will yield up her life without a moment's hesitation in behalf of her kittens. All these are the merest platitudes concerning motherhood. It is the one shining and beautiful instance of

BURRIS JENKINS

utter self-abnegation that runs all through an order of nature otherwise too often red in tooth and claw.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that among human beings, the highest creatures we know anything about, the same principle should hold good. No wonder we think of our mothers as the ideals of loving kindness, devotion and self-forgetfulness. We are all of us perfectly well aware that, no matter what other relationships we may form in life, the most intimate and tender, we shall never have such another friend, so loyal and devoted, so utterly serviceable and self-denying as our mothers; and thousands of times in the sad or bitter emergencies of our lives we sigh for the touch of that vanished hand and the sound of that voice that is stilled.

If we have come safe and sound through infancy up to maturity, we owe it to our mothers. If we are reasonable and wholesome and fine, we owe it to our mothers. If we have any particular skill or aptitude or genius that has brought us power and achievement and influence in the world, we owe the full fruition of it to our mothers. They say there is no great man who has not had a great mother. And if on going into a home you find that it is a little bit of heaven, you may be very sure that this atmosphere is due to the character and spirit of the mother. A court, therefore, which takes a child away from a mother and gives it to somebody else, no matter what the circumstances, assumes a responsibility which no one ought to assume without fear and trembling. A state or a society which takes children from mothers and places them into the care of institutions can never be an ideal state and can never prevail among human kind.

NO "SACRIFICES"—TO A MOTHER

Although mothers are almost always ideal, still there are certain attributes of a mother which, though the statement of them may be utterly trite, it may be nevertheless worth while for us to enumerate. It goes without saying, then, that the true mother is self-sacrificing. She wakes while others sleep; she pours out her life unstintedly for her young; she ministers to them night and day without regard for her own health or safety; she suffers for them at their birth, but this suffering is a mere bagatelle compared with the ceaseless and unending wasting of herself in their service. Thus she gives an example, the best that we can find, of that great word of Jesus which is rapidly becoming the keyword of our age, "He that would be great among you let him be servant of all."

And this sacrificial conduct of mothers is perfectly spontaneous and unaware. A mother does not know she is making sacrifices. She does not care. She does not count the cost. There is absolutely no calculation about her conduct. She is like David Livingstone, who when somebody spoke to him about the great sacrifices he had made in his long years of sojourn in darkest Africa, replied, "I never made a sacrifice." It is love that is the wellspring of sacrifice. Mothers love in a way that nobody else loves on earth.

Love is a great fountain of wisdom, so mothers are usually wise beyond the rest of us. We are accustomed to say that no man can fool his wife, but that is not true; sometimes wives are the only ones who do not know their husbands; but it is true that no child can long fool or deceive its mother. She is uncanny in her knowledge of what is going on in that child's life. She does not need to see; she can divine. She knows by intuition. Her wits are sharpened and her eyes are opened by her unselfishness, her devotion, her love. Love is a great clarifier of vision, a great source of wisdom.

THE MODERN MOTHER

An ideal mother keeps on confidential terms with her children. No effort is too great, and no amount of time, to initiate herself into all the affairs of her young. She will sit up late and wait for them to come home, or she will lay aside any work or any reading or any pleasure in order to be with them, to live their lives with them, and to share their thoughts.

Here, if anywhere, the modern American mother may be open to some criticism or at least some admonition. It is with hesitation that I venture upon this ground. My daring makes me think of a schoolteacher, a wholesome, fine, bachelor maid, who once said she

would like to write a book of advice to mothers on how to rear their children. Finally she got married herself and had eight children of her own; then she declared that she would like to write a book on how to spend a million dollars. It is with trepidation that I venture mildly to suggest to American mothers the dangers in our complicated life to the fineness and the beauty of their motherhood.

If your schoolgirl daughters are in danger of spoiling their peachbloom complexions with the use of cosmetics, ask yourself whether the responsibility does not lie at your own door. Remember, I have no objection to a little rouge for otherwise pale women, but even a good thing may be abused; and no mother should allow her countenance to look like a painted barber's pole or the old-time wooden Indian in front of a cigar store. As for card fights, movies and clubs, I have no objection to any form of athletics within reasonable limits; but where, in this busy world, the everlasting prize ring interferes with the supremest functions of motherhood, a mild protest is certainly not an infringement upon good taste. If you are losing influence over children of teen age, look first at home for the possible sources of moral bankruptcy.

THE NEW FREEDOM

Yes, I would even venture timidly to suggest that the exercise of woman's new-found freedom in managing the governments of our cities, states and nation may carry with it limitations, dangers and defects. When women rush blindly and nervously from one club meeting to another, from one committee on social amelioration to another ward caucus for the triumph of the republican or the democratic party, from one mass meeting to another mass meeting, it is open to question whether those women, particularly if they are mothers, are altogether mentally sane and sound. At any rate, mothers will find that it is far better to leave the conduct of the world to men and unattached women, and devote their attention primarily to their homes and their children. There isn't anything else half so important, no matter how idealistic it may sound, as attention to their own. A giddy round of pleasure or a giddy round of civic enterprise and promotion may be equally detrimental to a firm hold upon the confidence of children.

Most young people would affirm it as one of their ideals for mother that she should be just a little bit old-fashioned. They don't want her to be utterly in sympathy with their own new and perplexing liberties, their own dizzy extravagances, and their own ebullitions of pep and precocity. They want mother to be conservative, however liberal they are themselves. They want mother's skirts just a little bit longer than their own. They may smoke cigarettes themselves, whether girls or boys; but they are not quite ready for mother to adopt the new fashion, however desirable. They like a little bit of the Puritan and the mid-Victorian to linger in mother's makeup. Youth today needs wise mothers as perhaps it has never needed them in the history of the world. They need fathers, too, but more about them some other day.

There may be such a thing as too much mother and too much father. What is meant by that is the wrong kind of mother and the wrong kind of father. Inevitably and invariably—the exceptions only prove the rule—we grow old when we grow old; we cannot preserve our youth; we cannot remain young at heart, to understand and to sympathize with our children. We want to pick their jobs for them, select their mates for them, dictate to them when they should marry and when they should not, and what they should do and what they should not do. We say we have been over the road and we know better than they know, when the simple truth too often is we have forgotten the road; and they know better than we know.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

Mothers don't want their sons to marry; and fathers don't want their daughters to marry. Oftentimes, therefore, the life of a young person is twisted and turned out of shape, is left unfulfilled and aborted, by the selfishness and the fear, none the less selfish for being entirely unconscious, on the part of the parents. Every son and daughter has the right to shape his own life and his own destiny. Even if he makes mistakes, and hurts himself, and cries bitter, bitter tears, he has the right to try, the right to live.

Motherhood is the most beautiful thing in all this world. I have no words with which to pay tribute to it; and even if I had, it would be to paint the lily and incarnadine the rose. It is no wonder that the Roman Catholic church has exalted the Madonna, the symbol of motherhood, to a place side by side with God upon his throne. It is no wonder that the Hebrew psalmists and prophets have selected all that is tenderest and most beautiful in the traits of motherhood and attributed them to the Father Almighty. The everlasting arms underneath us and about us are the arms of motherhood, nothing less. The shadow of his pinions is the protecting shadow underneath the mother's wings.

We cannot cherish too much our mothers while we have them, for the time goes so rapidly up to the day of their departure. Is your mother living, is she near you, or is she far off? Go to her, send to her, wire to her. Get her word some way; if possible, lend her your presence at once and without delay. We intend sometime to make a visit to her, to take her a flower or a caress. Better do it now. It is not long. James Whitcomb Riley gives us a little song about those afterwhiles:

> Afterwhile—we have in view
> A far scene to journey to—
> Where the old home is, and where
> The old mother waits us there,
> Peering, as the time grows late,
> Down the old path to the gate—
> How we'll click the latch that locks
> In the pinks and hollyhocks,
> And leap up the path once more
> Where she waits us at the door!—
> How we'll greet the dear old smile,
> And the warm tears—afterwhile!

Do not wait until afterwhile!

In the supreme emergencies of our lives, in the dramas and the tragedies and the increasing loneliness of advancing years, we yearn for our mothers and

would pillow tired and aching heads upon their breasts. The wounded soldiers, of whom I saw hundreds and thousands in Europe in 1917 and 1918, in their unconsciousness and their agony seemed to hark back to the days of their helpless infancy, imagine themselves little hurt children again, and call out for the best friend they can ever have on earth, their mothers. Such is the early impression, and the ineradicable impression, made upon us by mother's care and mother's love. What mother-love is, that God's love is for lonely and distressed humanity.

Conservation and Conquest

By L. R. Scarborough

Look to yourselves, that ye lose not these things which we have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward. II John 8.

FOUR immortal men stand out above the crowd from the group around Jesus Christ: John the Baptist, the introducer of Jesus; Simon Peter, the preacher of Pentecost; Paul the apostle to the Gentiles; and John the beloved disciple. Each had his own place and was unique in his service to the gospel. John the beloved disciple had a place all to himself; in many ways he was distinct from the others. He was led to Christ by John the Baptist before the Savior was announced. He trusted in a Savior whom he had never seen, and immediately followed him after John's introduction of him. He was among the earliest believers. He lived the longest of all the apostles, dying at about one hundred years of age. He probably witnessed most of Christ's miracles and heard all of his sermons. He was on the inner circle committee of three in the special confidence of the Savior. He pillowed his head on the Savior's breast and was called "the Disciple whom Jesus loved." He was with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, went the farthest into the garden of suffering, was among the last at the tomb and among the first at the resurrection. He was probably in the pre-pentecostal prayer meetings and at the great baptizing. He knew of the organization and development of the New Testament churches. He was close to the ministry of Simon and Paul. He probably saw all the New Testament books of letters in their original manuscripts. He wrote about the heart of Jesus—the greatest love letter of all the ages. He was honored to be the last witness of Christ as he visited the earth the last time, and was given the privilege of closing the book of God's will to men. All these and other facts give him the right to impart counsel to the Christians of that day and of all the days.

In his second epistle, the eighth verse, he says: "Look to yourselves, that ye lose not the things which we have wrought [or organized], but that ye receive a full reward." Literally translated, this divinely inspired caution and counsel means that all of God's people are to look to themselves—not to governments, not to outsiders, but to "yourselves," that we do not lose any of the things—churches, institutions, benevolent enterprises, mission causes, wrought by the gospel, but that we so nourish them and nurture them and fortify them and defend them and cooperate in their upbuilding that all these causes and institutions may produce a rich and glorious harvest to the gospel of Christ and the salvation of a lost world.

This loving disciple under the impulse of the inspiring Spirit of God cautions, counsels and divinely orders us on two great matters.

I

CONSERVATION

John seems to bundle the achievements of the gospel in all the ages—past, present and future—and lays upon the consciences of God's people an eternal weight of responsibility to conserve and protect and develop and grow in the healthiest spirit and most aggressive cooperation all the causes included in Christ's world-engirdling program.

Christ did three things in his earthly ministry which he ordered his disciples to carry on until he comes. Wherever we see Christ in the New Testament records we find him doing one or all of three things. His first and preeminent and primary activity was the winning of souls from their sins. His major mission was a cleansing, life-giving, life-imparting message to the souls of unpardoned men. Everywhere he went he preached a soul-saving truth and approached by public address and private interview and divine urgency the matter of pardon, forgiveness and salvation from sin. He made everything bend to this major matter.

His second activity was found in the training of saved minds. He also put major emphasis upon Christian education. Again and again he tells us to teach and train the disciples and develop the human faculties, strengthening character and the equipment of men to win other men and build the kingdom of Christ.

His third activity was the healing of the human body from deadly diseases. I imagine he healed more people than he saved and trained. The gaping wounds and aching bodies of men stirred the depths of his compassion and caused him to give out divine energy for the healing of disease. No disease was too great a malady to resist his power. Fevers, paralysis, leprosy, all manner of diseases gave way under his heavenly orders, and at the touch of his power. He invaded the realms of death and conquered them and put the heel of his divine authority upon the head of the serpent of death; and when he left his disciples said, "The things that I do, ye shall do also," thus ordering us to establish evangelistic, missionary, educational and healing institutions and organizations for the purpose of carrying out his own life ministry; and he promised us that greater things than he did we should do. So, during the centuries, Christianity has established these institutions and movements.

Now, John says in this heavenly caution: "Look to yourselves, that you let none of these institutions planted by the gospel compassion and generosity die nor languish nor go in need." He says they will need men to build and fortify—furnish those men out of your ranks. They will need money, millions of it, to make them live and grow—furnish the houses and equipment and the means

of transportation to the men whom Christianity furnishes. He said: See, with the generosity of your purses, that this world-wide institution shall go on and be strengthened and equipped for the highest service.

"MY PEOPLE SHALL BE WILLING"

You will notice that John says, *"Look to yourselves."* This means that the support must come from voluntary motivation in the heart—not legal and governmental taxation, but spiritual volition. He says, "My people shall be willing in the day of my power." All the kingdom movements under Christ are to be on an individualistic, voluntary basis. Not even the weight of the shadow of one's little finger of pressure is to be brought upon the conscience of men. Christ puts himself in the human heart in the hour of personal regeneration and out of that divine abode in the soul of man all the motivation of the kingdom of God must come voluntarily. He has determined that he will not save anybody against his will. There are two eternal pivots in the plan of redemption—the cross on which Jesus died as God's only method of salvation, and the volition of the human witness which God has willed that men are to be saved only by the blood of Jesus Christ and that each for himself can and will be saved only by his own willing to be saved. "Whosoever will," is Christ's command. Here lies the supreme obligation of the disciples of Christ, to build everywhere throughout the whole world gospel churches, Christian institutions of education, of missions and benevolence.

To carry out this conservation order of John's we must have trained, cultured, scholarly, spiritually fired men and women. They must have money in terms of millions, cheerfully given, voluntarily offered money, consecrated money; and John tells us, as he looks backward over the triumphs of sixty years of Christianity and forward over the triumphs of the winding centuries of the developing kingdom of God, to "look to yourselves," that you lose not, that you waste not, that you do not let die nor languish any of these great movements planted and fostered and nourished by the gospel truth.

II

CONQUEST

Not only does this divine order include making and saving and securely conserving, and the spiritual fortification and nourishment of all these causes, but it goes further and says: "Bring them all to conquest. Keep them filled with the cleanest, clearest, most divinely protected life, keeping the conduits of life open so that the fluids of the gospel can carry their messages of truth and life." John says: "See to it that each of these gospel plants shall bring forth a rich harvest to the glory of God."

I once saw a great grapefruit tree in the Magic valley of Texas. It was nineteen years of age. It stood majestically laden with twenty-five boxes of golden grapefruit of the sweetest, juiciest flavor I had ever tasted. The owner said: "This tree has borne every year for sixteen years. Every year its crop was an increase over the former year. Every year its fruit has been sweeter. This year it has twenty-five boxes on its strong limbs." He added: "I have sent out this fruit to a wide section to bring sweetness to life and carry health to the people."

This tree became a parable to me. I asked myself: "Am I a fruit-bearing tree? My Savior said, 'I want you to bear much fruit.' Have I borne more fruit each year as they have come and gone? Has the fruit been sweeter and richer and more life-giving?" I said to myself, "Is the fruit of your life widely distributed to give life and joy and health to the people?"

Now, I think John means by this divine caution, "See that all these things bring forth a rich harvest." Here lies a great obligation upon every child of God in the world. Conserve the things that Christ and the heritage of our forefathers have left us, and so fortify them and nourish them that each of them shall be like the citrus

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fruit tree—more and more every year, richer and richer every year, sweeter and sweeter every year.

If we carry out this double spiritual command of John the beloved as the spirit of Jesus spoke to him, there are certain great essentials that we will have to practice!

COOPERATION, GENEROSITY

1. Cooperation—cooperation on the part of all God's people, in the great major matters of Christianity, evangelization, education and benevolence. There is a great doctrine taught in God's Word on cooperation, working together with God and carrying out the will of God. The Trinity has taught us a great lesson in cooperation—the Father in giving, the Son in dying, and the Holy Spirit in the applying of the gospel. How wonderfully they have worked together! The great message going out from Pentecost is a message of cooperation, under the enduring power of God, as people everywhere have cooperated; and where we lack this

power of God there has been inevitably a lack of co-operation.

2. As a part of this cooperation we should furnish the men and the money, and that includes the voluntary giving of life and the generous giving of substance. Here comes in the great matter of calling out the called and the training and the equipment of the surrendered and the dynamic cooperation in all those movements on the part of the saved to send these surrendered, trained men and women out to the many corners of the earth to win and build. And this includes generosity, the giving voluntarily of large sums of money by all the people. Here is the doctrine of stewardship of means, the practice of the tithe and offerings. Compared with the support of other things that men love, the cause of Jesus Christ greatly suffers in comparison. Men are giving millions of money to personal indulgence of appetite and passion and pleasure, to wasteful things that do them and society no good, when everywhere the causes of Christ are suffering. The question can be asked over and over, "What does Jesus mean to Christians, anyway, as shown in our lives?" The answer to the question is not encouraging.

I join John in urging Christian people, with life and lips and prayer and cooperation and money in generous gifts, to help conserve and to give conquest through the Spirit of God to all the things the Savior has left us.

Seeing Jesus

By Frederic J. Eastman

Sir, we would see Jesus. John 12:21.

"SIR, we would see Jesus." Thus did two enterprising Greeks address Philip centuries ago. The words have been preserved for us not only because they are written in the twelfth chapter of John but because the request is written deep in every human heart. "To see Jesus Christ" is a precious privilege. The intellectual Greeks had heard much of this attractive prophet from Nazareth and their message to Philip was to see him "face to face." Down the centuries men have felt the same stirring desire to have a definite and clear cut vision of the Master. Jesus has been talked about for ages. Men, women and children have heard about him, a few have been granted the heavenly privilege of experiencing him in their own emotional life but very few have built up for themselves a mental image of Christ which is akin to the experience of the Greeks when they saw Christ through the eye.

"What did he look like?" is a query that has a practical turn to it. Educators tell us that eighty-five per cent of what we learn comes through the eye. Those of us who are interested in mediating the Christian message to people have the obligation of leading people to "see Jesus" as well as to hear about him and to experience him.

The human Jesus is no longer with us but it is still possible to "see him" and to build up a mental image that will have all of the compelling power that the original Jesus must have had for his friends. It is not of necessity a problem but a privilege for those of us who will follow along three well chosen paths:

First—the majestic word pictures of the gospel narratives. Second—the Christly qualities that we find in historic and present day personalities. Third—the magnificent portraits which the great painters have left us.

CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS AND IN MEN

I can see Jesus Christ very clearly in the gospels. He was a gracious guest at a wedding party. He took time out to be with children. He was a careful planner when it came to building a house. His skin was bronzed by the elements. There was compassion and courage and conquest written in the lines of his face. These facts are familiar and they must be treated first when we try to "see Jesus."

And second, I can see Jesus Christ in every great personality which has swept across the horizon of time. Courage in a social reformer, a spark of the prophetic in a mighty preacher, the rugged devotion of so many lesser saints, all help me to see Jesus. I catch a glimpse of the Master when I consider the vigorous honesty that is still to be found in men. The kindliness of Christ comes home to me when I read about Saint Francis or when some Christlike soul talks to me with pointed affection. I can even see Jesus in the dominating figure of Napoleon, for he dreamed of a world empire as our Master did. The people who come within our range day after day in some definite measure reflect a bit of the grandeur and glory which must have been in the historic Christ. He is still to be found in human faces as well as in human hearts.

THE CHRIST OF THE ARTISTS

And third, let us consider the portraits of Christ. Can we "see Jesus" in them? When we look at Hoffman's "Christ in Gethsemane" can we see the man who struggled over a great decision and emerged triumphant? Hoffman's pictures are the most popular and they reflect the traditional conception that has grown up about Jesus Christ. I am a confirmed believer that Jesus can be seen through a study of the various pictures of Christ, but a rounded study is needed and not just a consideration of the portraits of one or two artists.

If I were to "see Jesus" through pictures I would remember that the New Testament gives us no clue as to the personal appearance of Christ and that for the first four centuries of Christian history there were no portraits painted. We must trust that men like Fra Angelico, Leonardo, Hoffman, Hunt and even our living artists have captured a bit of truth from the other world and have brought it to us via the route of labor and inspiration.

I can "see Jesus" in the delicately sincere paintings of Fra Angelico ("Brother of the Angels") who as a monk of deep faith and guileless character gave us an attractive and compelling Christ, even though a medieval one. On the walls of a monastery in Florence can be seen a whole set of pictures illustrating the life of Christ.

Raphael, Michelangelo and others are worthy of our study when we consider the mighty burst of religious

enthusiasm during that medieval period. But for the world's greatest genius we must necessarily turn to that mighty mind of Leonardo Da Vinci. I can see Jesus Christ in his "Head of Christ" and in his "The Last Supper." Leonardo aimed for perfection and when he failed to perfect a picture he left it incomplete. The greatness of Leonardo's portraits is that they are unfinished. His hand trembled when he came to paint the face of Christ. But these unfinished pictures are among the world's greatest treasures.

I leave the high renaissance period and pass on to Rubens and Rembrandt. In Rubens' "Crucifixion" we find an answer to our request for a physically powerful Christ and in Rembrandt's delicate touches we find a wistful gentle Jesus in his "Christ at Emmaus."

MODERN PICTURES OF CHRIST

I cross the centuries. Heinrich Hoffman, that man in Dresden who wished "to paint the pictures he could really see," now confronts us. Despite the criticism he has received the whole world has seen and continues to find Jesus in his pictures. His portraits are more than familiar, they are part of the framework of Christendom. The boy of twelve confronts five teachers of the law in the temple. "Christ among the Doctors" is in so many homes and churches that when we think of the childhood and youth of Jesus this picture comes to our minds. And then his Christ at 33, being a detail from "Christ and the Rich young Ruler," is but the boy of twelve who has grown into the mature man. And yet this popular head of Christ compasses a great range. Son of Man, Son of God, friend, carpenter: whatever kind of a Christ we are seeking we can find him in this picture.

"Sir, we would see Jesus." The world is insistent. The need is partially met by the universally popular "Christ in Gethsemane" which now graces the Riverside church in New York. For a picture that has touched the mature, that has won the masses, that has met the needs of the reformer as well as the mystic we would name this portrait. The critics have not called it great and yet its tremendous influence has been unquestioned. Here we find a triumphant Christ, one who has come through a struggle and imparts a message of decision to an uncertain world. Scores of stories can be told of the challenging as well as comforting message that this picture imparts.

Jesus the personal, Jesus the patient, Jesus the pilgrim come to us in that dream picture of Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World." This picture of Christ knocking at the door has had a strange fate. Ridiculed by the critics, misunderstood by many, it still lives on. Here we find our Master clothed in the white robe of the prophet, the cope of a priest and the crown of a king. It is a patient, personal Christ who stands at the door of our own hearts and knocks. As we all know the door opens from within, and the request of Jesus is to come in and "sup" with us.

"We would see Jesus." The twentieth century now confronts us with its realistic art, its Christ who reflects our own ideals and physical being. Colonel Stanley Todd of New York has given us the latest painting of Jesus Christ. "The Christ Triumphant" is the light-haired blue-eyed Savior who is allied to our own Nordic blood. We can see more than Jesus Christ in this picture, we get a glimpse of ourselves. America has reacted very slowly toward this portrait. We love Jesus as a dark-haired, dark-skinned Hebrew, and yet we find something new in this conception of a western Christ. Its merit lies in the strong and vigorous expression on the face of the Master.

The American Christ is interesting but the modern portraits that are having the most influence are the paintings of Harold Copping of England. His two hundred Bible pictures have been said by many to surpass even the great Tissot pictures of a generation ago. The writer testifies that the New Testament account of

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Jesus took on new color and meaning when he saw the realistic and touchingly human pictures of this English artist. Copping's "Hope of the World" is becoming more familiar to us. Five children representing the five great races are grouped about a friendly Master. Its message of international brotherhood is the strongest appeal for foreign missions that we can find in pictures.

WANTED—THE CHRIST OF POWER

But—a Christ of power . . . that is the Jesus we are all longing to see and there is a portrait to meet that need. "The Savior of Men" by Copping depicts a Christ with rugged countenance, piercing eyes, strong vigorous lines to the face, features that are distinctly Hebrew. This is the flaming prophet who cast the money-changers from the Temple. The writer has shown this picture in his lectures before students and clergy and can testify to its strong appeal to the daring and courageous elements in human life.

Have we seen Jesus Christ as we consider this great panorama of portraits that the men of art have given us? Does our own personal conception of the Master begin to take on a richer and more glowing character? It does if we identify ourselves with the artist and try to see the Christ that he is trying to give to the world. Each painting contributes its own bit of truth and helps us to form our image of the Perfect Person.

Jesus himself realized that we were picture-minded, that we thought in images, and it was his own particular method of teaching to call attention to that which we could feel and see. His own person was his greatest drawing card, and men who could see him face to face felt the power of his message.

Some years ago the writer's little brother died. In memory of him a beautiful picture of Christ was placed in the church by his father. The picture was so admired that he decided to distribute inexpensive copies and to carry on the work of the gospel in this way. "Eye-gate evangelism" became a passion in his life and the St. Philip's society was formed to carry on the work of distributing pictures. The conviction rests that, like the Greeks who came to Philip of old, men are now seeing Jesus Christ in a practical way.

"To see Jesus Christ." We can no longer look into the face of the attractive human Jesus and the mystical Christ is far away to most Christians. The one practical step is to make use of the portraits of the Master and to hold them high in every church and in every home. The spoken word is easily forgotten and the Bible often remains a closed book, but a portrait of Christ speaks an uninterrupted message. Its influence never wanes and its light never grows dim.

"O Lord Jesus . . . if you ever need someone to carry on Thy work, do call on me." A young man was standing before Hoffman's "Christ in Gethsemane" when these words came to his lips. He had *"seen"* Jesus Christ.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Richard Roberts

LORD our God, Light of Light, who knowest us altogether, we thank Thee for Thine infinite patience with Thy stupid wayward children. We thank Thee that, despite all our disobedience and rebellion, Thou seemest still to believe in us; for Thou dost still entrust us with the gift of life, giving us our food in due season, and clothing and sheltering us, according to our need; Thou givest us rich opportunities of well-being and happiness; and sometimes Thou visitest us with thy rod that we may be saved from pride and self-sufficiency. And in ways beyond number Thou hast and still dost confer Thy strange bounty upon us. And all this, that we may be stirred to seek Thee, to feel after Thee and find Thee. Forgive us that we are so slow to understand why Thou art so patient with us, why Thou dost not stay Thy loving hand and leave us to fend for ourselves; and speak to us today the word that will make all things plain, and stir us to seek Thee while Thou mayest be found and to call upon Thee while Thou art near.

And most of all would we pray Thee to grant us the gift of sight. We cannot be content with the half-lights of secular knowledge, with the flickering lamps of human thought. For we have heard a rumor of Eternity; and Thou hast set a restlessness in our bones. We are homesick for a fatherland that we have never seen; and we do not understand what it is that ails us. O merciful Father, reveal to us that new and living way by which we may enter into the high and holy place where Thine honor dwelleth. Give us wings to fly beyond these familiar unsatisfying scenes to the land of truth and goodness and beauty; and give us the will to make our habitation there. Make our hunger more acute, our thirst more unbearable, that we may have no peace until with all our hearts we seek Thy kingdom and taste its glory. Save us from the tyranny of things, the bondage of the worldly mind, the slavery of the senses; and bring us into the glorious liberty of those Thy sons who have been made free by the sight of Thy face.

Merciful Father, look in pity upon this bewildered and scattered race of men, which lives unguarded and unshepherded. Let the spirit of Thy Son go about among them and gather them into Thy fold. Bless the preaching of the gospel and the worship of Thy people this day in all places far and near; and let men who sit in darkness and the shadow of death see a great light, even the very Light of the world.

We pray Thee to grant to all Christian nations a lively and painful compunction for all those things in their life by which they deny Him by whose name they are called. Convict them of the sin of war and of the preparation for war, of social injustice, of the economic confusion that leads to waste and hunger and unemployment, of their consent to the conditions that breed deficiencies of mind and body, and of their contempt of human life. Move them to penitence and amendment; and hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world may without hypocrisy call themselves Christian.

Remember in mercy all those to whom are entrusted the cares of government and strengthen them for their difficult and dangerous calling. Bless our nation with peace within and without its borders and with such prosperity as shall be good for us; but save us at all times from craving any boon that we do not wish to share with Thy children everywhere.

Show pity, O Thou whose mercy is without end, to all who are in sorrow or pain, and to those of our own company whose names are in our hearts. Defend little children and may they grow into a generation that shall praise Thee. Give Thy protection to the widow and the fatherless; move men's hearts to provide for the homeless and the workless. Take by the hand those who are walking in the valley of the shadow of death and bring them safely into peace. Amen.

The Minister and the Hymnbook

By John M. Versteeg

WHEN Halford Luccock was visiting in our city, we prevailed upon him to see a movie featuring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, the famous dancers. On the way out, he asked the old question: "What is the chief end of man?" He answered it himself: "Feet!" There are preachers who feel that feet are the chief end of a hymn. Movement, rhythm, swing—these are what they judge it by. Or, if not feet, then heart! Hymns must be emotion-laden. They must provide thrills. Most men have both feet and heart in mind when they clamor for singable hymns. Unfortunately, for many of them, "singable" means the sort of hymns they chance to like. As there is such a thing as a congregation's financial ability, so there is such a thing as a congregation's musical ability. We have, in this region, several "German" churches. You have but to set foot inside them to know that here are churches that *know* their music! A pastor's and a congregation's musical tastes or standards often diverge. Surely, we ought to know better than to identify our people's power of song with our own!

● *Hymns Subjective and Objective*

Most books on public worship sound a warning against the subjective "Just as I am," "Safe in the arms" type of hymns. That is eminently worth heeding. What is not sufficiently considered is that a thoroughly objective hymn may still have disastrous results. If oratory is treacherous because it can sweep people off their feet emotionally, how much more true that is of music! Music may be a universal language, but what it says has incongruous results. An old preacher said that most of those who sang "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord" had the mental reservation, "Provided it suits my taste." In a ministry of half a century, he noticed that, with rare exceptions, when people were through singing, they were through! Their emotion was a substitute for motion.

"The subjective hymn," said Canon Liddon, "is an ode to itself, or an assertion of self disguised in religious language." The right type of hymn, to use Whitehead's phrase, "unites formal immediacy with objective otherness." A hymn that does not transcend its immediate objective is second rate. If something better further on is not suggested by the hymn, it does not suggest enough. If the "within" hymn is to be rejected, let us rest content with nothing short of hymns that, in the fullest sense, go "beyond." Hymns bereft of imagination are inimical to life.

I fear that this is but a dim way of stating the major issue in hymnology: *What is the objective of the objective hymn?* This issue may be redivided into personal and congregational aspects. We are here concerned only with the latter. Consider four views.

● *Hymns as Part of a Unified Message*

There are those who feel that hymns should be part of the one unified message the whole service is designed to bring. Hymn and offering, prayer and

John M. Versteeg

responsive, scripture and sermon—"all but parts of one tremendous whole." It is unity in variety, but unity most of all. The whole hour has a single aim; one "drive." Suppose the minister of a Methodist church plans a service with its central idea that of "fellowship." Three hymns will likely be used. Which hymns shall he choose as these three? Conceivably, Wesley's "Jesus, united by thy grace," Fawcett's "Blest be the tie that binds," (which, be is observed, was neither written to be, nor is, a closing hymn, as many of the uninitiated do vainly suppose) and Fosdick's great modern hymn, "God of grace and God of glory." Note that the first hymn stresses our fellowship in God; the second, the fellowship of believers; the third, the responsibility for fellowship devolving upon believers:

> Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
> That we fail not man nor thee.

● *Hymns May be Used to Lend "Atmosphere"*

Then there are those who use hymns to "atmosphere" rather than to unify the service. Instead of the priestly-prophetic function assigned by the first group to the hymn, they are moved only (or chiefly) by its priestly possibilities. The hymn is a part of the service, not a part of the message, and these twain are not necessarily one. If people worship through it, that is quite enough. Let the hymn "take the dimness of the soul away," and it has done all it should.

The hymn need not be relevant to the theme. Men with this view of the hymn often observe sequence. The first hymn may be one of adoration, the second more directly petition, while the third may express consecration. "O worship the King, all glorious above" is a good sample of the first; "Breathe on me, breath of God" illustrates the second; and "Blessed Master, I have promised" gives one a taste of the third.

● *Hymns as an Emotional Antidote*

More often than laymen suspect, or preachers themselves realize, the hymn is used as an antidote, a counter-irritant. Here is a man whose sermon is doctrinal or ethical. Or it embodies something very distasteful, which the preacher feels compelled to say. Yet the minister's pastoral heart rebels against his homiletical head or conscience. And so the hymn is balanced against the sermon, that the pastor within him may stay on speaking terms with the preacher within him! The closing hymn especially is selected with the hope of warming men's hearts and of letting them go home with a good taste in their mouths. Thus the strong meat of the gospel is finished off with an emotional or devotional dessert.

A Barthian of my acquaintance in his sermon inveighed against all who fail to see the happy issue of conscious helplessness. One would have supposed that he concluded his service with Watts's "Before Jehovah's awful throne," or something akin to that. But no! He had his people sing Dorothy Thrupp's immortal "Savior, like a shepherd lead us." I should have been sorely disappointed in him had I learned that his organist or director had selected the hymns.

● *Hymns as Revealing Life at Its Best*

The hymn as part of a total mes-

sage, the hymn as primarily an act of worship, the hymn as an alloy or ointment, and, at least for the present, the hymn as a means of lifting people to a higher appreciation of all that is best in the new hymnals. With several of the latter now permeating major denominations, this is a very popular use of the hymn just now. We are thrilled with the new hymns and tunes. Those German chorales, which stirred an Ohio superpatriot into denunciation of the new Methodist hymnal as a "foreign" book, command our enthusiasm.

Moreover, we are eager to dissipate at the earliest possible moment the sense of strangeness, if not hostility, with which many good people regard any new hymnal. Since in almost every family some younger and musical member can be persuaded to purchase a new hymnal for home consumption, and a new hymnal has a way of making itself at home in a home, the need for the use of the public service to inculcate appreciation of a hymnal is probably overestimated.

● *Human Interest Behind the Hymns*

Obviously, the men who content themselves with the second and fourth of these uses make fewest demands on a hymnal. The user of the hymn for conciliatory purposes is also relatively easily satisfied. Yet on devotees of even these three groups it is incumbent to know, not only what is in the hymnal, but what is written between the lines. For the hymnal is a collection of human interest stories. That is true alike of tunes and hymns. High spiritual events, deep longings and profound insights went into the making of them.

For the Presbyterian preacher, the Handbook to the Hymnal is more indispensable than the hymnal itself. It is going to be difficult for the Methodists to improve on Tillett and Nutter's "The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church," but an attempt adequately to annotate their new hymnal will no doubt soon be forthcoming. Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology," Duffield's "English Hymns," Ninde's "The Story of the American Hymn," Metcalf's "American Writers and Composers of Sacred Music" may be cited to show the consecrated service that has been rendered to make hymnody a thing of life and power. Neglect of sources such as these tragically narrows the range of one's usefulness in the service of his congregation.

● *Finding New Hymns for New Tunes*

The man who wants the hymn to bear part of the responsibility for the message will find that there are many phases of life for which there are no appropriate or adequate hymns. In part this is due to the fact that Protestant hymnology as yet is scarcely out of its swaddling clothes. But that is not all of the story. The paucity of our new hymnals, superior as they are, bears mute but arresting testimony to the sterility of our confused Christendom. One of these days God will get more of his will of us, and then there will come a great burst of song. Times will be better for hymnals fifty years from now. If then today, in the words of the Canadian Sclater's hymnodic lament, "it is a sore business to light on exactly what we want," hard labor is called for. One shall have to go through the great anthologies (Hill, Merrifield, Clark), and get publishers' or authors' permission to use selections found there.

● *Produce Your Own Hymns!*

For years, in my own services, I have used "guest hymns" of this sort. One can make some marvelous "finds" in this way. Occasionally, some "discarded" hymn (of which the church back there was not worthy) culled from an old hymnal or collection, or cajoled from some reticent author, will nicely fill your needs. It is even possible to get surprising results from congregational hymn contests, dangerous as these are. Or you can try your own hand at it. You may not produce a classic, but your people will sing it with relish, seeing it is yours. But do not rush to the papers with your hymn, just because your people speak kindly of it. Editors have to live!

Yet, with the best of industry, one will find many of the deep things of God and man virtually untouched by the hymns now extant. Hence it becomes a matter of adroit maneuvering of such material as is at our command. In this, the hymnal's indexes will prove of but little help. The Methodist index lists six hymns on faith. Actually, there are dozens. The Presbyterians prefer "trust" to faith. But do not put your trust in the "trust" section indexed. Hymns on trust are all over the book.

● *Good Hymns Are Sacred Tools*

I am of the opinion that not more than one new hymn or tune should be used in a service. Too much attention has to be paid to the mechanics of a new hymn for it to do all the good it can. Let it then be buttressed on all sides with the more familiar hymns. And the organist or director should never be charged with the task of selecting the hymns, unless the preacher is deeply convinced of the superiority of their spiritual insights! It is, of course, entirely proper to confer with them about the hymns. Many committed to the unified ministry of the service do that even about the anthems. But the minister should be as conscientious in choosing his hymns as in preparing his sermon.

The hymn is a tool in a high craft. It may rouse men to a heightened consciousness of living, to a deeper concept of life, to a better consecration. It requires an artist's way of working to do justice to hymns. We really accomplish something for people when we see to it that the song does not go out of their lives, and when we impress them with the fact that "the music of the gospel leads us home."

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THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PULPIT

The Minister's Professional Magazine

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

COMING to the Madison Avenue Methodist church, New York, in 1905 as associate minister, Rev. RALPH W. SOCKMAN after two years became its minister. He still presides over the activities of this church, which now worships in an edifice that is not on Madison avenue; it bears the name "Christ church, Methodist Episcopal."

Rev. MERRILL F. CLARKE, *minister of* the Congregational church, New Canaan, Conn., since 1922, is chairman of the Congregational-Christian social relations committee in Connecticut and of the annual institute on "The church and social relations" of the Connecticut council of churches. He also heads the Federal council's committee on African welfare. Mr. Clarke has remained a Presbyterian until this year—fairly good evidence, he says, of the tolerant spirit of the Congregationalists!

For several years Rev. G. RAY JORDAN ministered at Wesley Memorial Methodist church, south, at High Point, N. C., which during his ministry became famous for holding second place in Southern Methodism in its contributions to missions. Mr. Jordan went from High Point to the Centenary church in Winston-Salem, N. C. Reviews of his latest volume of sermons, "We Face Calvary—And Life," place Mr. Jordan at the forefront as a maker of sermons.

Since 1911 Rev. WILLIAM P. MERRILL has been minister at the Brick Presbyterian church, New York city; his earlier pastorates were in Philadelphia and Chicago. For many years Dr. Merrill has been an outstanding champion of international peace. He is also famous as a hymn writer and author.

Following a period of service as president of two colleges, Rev. BURRIS JENKINS, in 1907, became pastor of Linwood Boulevard Christian church in Kansas City, Mo. He still ministers to this church which now bears the title "Linwood Community church." Dr. Jenkins has written much fiction, his latest book being a novel on the Cooperative movement entitled "Fresh Furrow."

For several years Rev. L. R. SCARBOROUGH ministered to Southern Baptist churches in Cameron and Abilene, Texas, but in 1908 he became a teacher in Southwestern Baptist Theological seminary, in Seminary Hill, Tex. He has been president of this school since 1915. Dr. Scarborough has been a leader in the activities of his denomination in the fields of missions, education and finance.

Rev. FREDERIC J. EASTMAN *is curate of* the Jackson, Mich., Episcopal parish. Before coming to Jackson he led the activities of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Akron, O. Mr. Eastman is an earnest advocate of "eyegate evangelism."

RICHARD ROBERTS *is minister of the* Sherbourne United church in Toronto, and moderator of the United Church of Canada.

JOHN M. VERSTEEG *is minister of the* Walnut Hills-Avondale Methodist church, Cincinnati, O.

NOTE: In the April issue mention was not made of the fact that Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, who contributed a sermon to that number, is minister of Immanuel Presbyterian church, Los Angeles.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

MARCUS M. CHUNN, First Methodist, Gatesville, Tex. "Unanswerable Testimony." Heb. 11:5—"He had this testimony—he pleased God."

GLEN L. RICE, First Presbyterian, Grand Island, Neb. "Affirmative Living." Mark 9:24—"Lord, I believe . . ." Job 19:25—"I know . . . my Redeemer liveth."

HAROLD G. GAUNT, Olivet Presbyterian, Atlantic City, N. J. "The Declaration of Interdependence." Eph. 425:—"We are members one of another."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .
Name of minister

. . . . . .
Name of church

. . . . . .
Address

JOHN F. C. GREEN, German Evangelical Protestant, McKeesport, Pa. "Love of God—with Reservations." I Kings 3:3—"Now Solomon loved the Lord so that he walked in the statutes of David his father; only he sacrificed and burned incense on the high places."

ALFRED LEE WILSON, Kenwood Community Church, Chicago. "Saints in Caesar's Household." Phil. 4:22—"All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Caesar's household."

J. ALBERT CLARK, Community church, Clinton, Ia. "Of Human Bondage." Gal. 4:8—"Not knowing God, ye were in bondage to them that by nature are no gods."

DOBBS F. EHLMAN, Second Evangelical and Reformed, Indianapolis, Ind. "God's Need for Friendly Persons." Job 6:14—"Friends should be kind to a despairing man, or he will give up faith in the Almighty." (Moffatt)

WARREN C. JOHNSON, St. Luke's Lutheran, York, Pa. "American Tragedy." Jer. 18:15, 16—"My people have forgotten me, and sacrificed to no gods! So they stumble as they pass along the old path, and then take to bypaths of their own, badly made; till their country goes to ruin." (Moffatt)

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

STARTING with a national radio broadcast of messages by Mrs. Roosevelt, George Lansbury and Kirby Page, the Emergency Peace Campaign got under way on April 21. It was the first gun in a nation-wide barrage of two hundred peace meetings in all parts of the country. By all odds, this is the most ambitious adventure upon which America's peace forces have ever embarked. A two year program is projected. It is to cost more than half a million dollars for the first year, of which amount, it is understood, $150,000 has already been subscribed. The first year's agitation is to be concentrated in three installments—the present one which lasts until May 18, a second in the fall, and another in January, 1937. Initiated by the American Friends Service committee, with the close cooperation of the leaders of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the campaign is being supported by leaders of various peace organizations, religious bodies, trade unions and labor groups, liberal organizations, student and youth groups, Negro groups, and other agencies. It is a bold undertaking for such a time as this. The problem of maintaining the morale of peace-minded people has not been so great since the war. The two most specific notes to be struck are American neutrality come what may, and the absolute pacifist's position. However, wide margin is left for the cooperation of people of many differing views. Dr. Fosdick is chairman of the sponsoring group. It is possible that this joint effort may result in a new strategy for peace.

Emergency Peace Campaign

The Book of the Month

RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE, *by Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed & Ward, $2.00.*

I LIKE to introduce my brother ministers not merely to new books but to new writers, and especially to writers whose association lies outside the average Protestant minister's purview. I recently chose as a book of the month a volume by Berdyaev, and later one by Macmurray, the former a Russian, the latter an Englishman, both of whom are in the focus of intellectual attention today. For this month I wish to introduce Christopher Dawson to those who have not already made his acquaintance. He is a Roman Catholic Englishman who writes as a historian of human culture. Edward Shillito describes him as a kind of successor of Lord Acton and Baron von Hügel, two scholars who "were read and revered almost as much outside their church as within." The best book of Dawson's to buy at the moment is, I think, his latest one, namely, "Religion and the Modern State." As an analysis of the situation in which western society finds itself, it is a very able work and intensely interesting. Dawson shows how the whole structure of the modern world is undergoing such changes as to raise fundamental questions concerning the intellectual, moral and religious presuppositions which have been taken for granted for the past 400 years. The new state is in search of a new faith. Christianity long ago ceased to be the ruling faith of our national cultures, with the result that nations are looking elsewhere for inspiration. For the moment, the state itself is taking the place of God. In the "mass civilization" of the future, will there be any place for Christianity? This challenging question occupies the author throughout his book.

A Thought for the Month

FOR a long time, Christian piety has been the victim of an illness which I call subjectivism. It is a kind of epidemic which has spread over the whole body of modern life. Not religion alone, but philosophy and art have been bedfast with it, and even science has exhibited suspicious symptoms. We have been trying to tell ourselves that man and his inner life constitute the center and the fountain of reality, and that man's subjective reactions afford the only standard by which to distinguish the good from the bad, the beautiful from the ugly, the true from the false. A picture is beautiful if it gives me pleasure; and the secret of art is to give pleasure to the artist (self-expression) or to the beholder, or both. The idea that beauty exists objectively, whether we see and enjoy it or not, and that art must be judged objectively, is considered old-fashioned. Philosophy has been driven to a similar position by regarding the outer world as a construct or "projection" of human thinking. It finds the center of reality either in the imagination, with Santayana, or in the practical reason, with the humanistic pragmatists. In religion the illness has been most serious, affecting all parts of us—from the extreme left-wing of liberalism, where the existence of God was made to depend upon our human faith, to the right-wing of evangelicalism, where a certain kind of mystical experience, if charged with sufficient emotion, has been held to put the existence of God beyond dispute. Now the essence of all this subjective kind of art, of philosophy and of religion is that it is egocentric. It makes the universe to depend on man, not man upon the universe. It creates all kinds of delusions—the delusion that any self-expression in art is creditable regardless of the kind of self that is expressed; the delusion that imagination affords us a way of escape from reality; the delusion that man is self-sufficient because, through science, he can "control" nature; and the delusion that man creates God in his own image. We are, I believe, on the road to recovery from this illness. The winds of reality are sweeping these delusions away. We are on the way to becoming objective-minded again; which is to say that we are getting well! Instead of man at the center, God is at the center and his law and grace are man's salvation.

The Return of Objectivity

Charles Clayton Morrison

Announcing . . . .

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Articles in the Spring Number

NICHOLAS A. BERDYAEV, Russian philosopher whose writings are profoundly influencing western thought is accorded the position of honor given in the Autumn Number to the Archbishop of York and in the Winter Number to Dr. Albert Schweitzer. CHRISTIAN OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM is his thesis.

GOD IS MORE THAN WE CAN THINK, by HENRY NELSON WIEMAN, follows Robert Lowry Calhoun's article in the previous number on GOD AS MORE THAN MIND. This discussion of the problem of Theism by two such representative philosophers is making history—theological history.

Two articles on Christian Unity, THE PROSPECTS OF CHURCH UNION IN ENGLAND and CHURCH UNION ON TRUST come from the pens, respectively, of HUGH MARTIN, British leader of many interdenominational movements, and GEORGE W. RICHARDS, the presiding spirit in the recent merging of two American denominations.

Alert readers will be interested in comparing REINHOLD NIEBUHR'S analysis of ENGLISH AND GERMAN MENTALITY with WALTER M. HORTON'S BRITISH THEOLOGICAL LEADERSHIP, which deals with the recent shift of that leadership from its former German stronghold.

Other papers in this new number of CHRISTENDOM are by JAMES B. PRATT, of Williams College, on SINCERITY AND SYMBOLISM; JAMES McBRIDE DABBS, of Coker College, on BEYOND TRAGEDY; and CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, Editor of CHRISTENDOM, on CHRISTIANITY'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE CHARACTER OF CIVILIZATION.

The Book Review Section in the Spring Number

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